

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST,
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.
Daily and Sunday.30 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.\$3.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.20 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.\$2.00 per year
Sunday, without daily.10 cents per week
Sunday, without daily.\$1.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except under the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-
HAM, Boyce Building.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1910.

Military Legislative Agent.

The military administration is evidently to be fortified by a special representative who shall have charge of army legislation. That seems to be the intention of Secretary Dickinson, in part, at least, in summoning to Washington Maj. Gen. William H. Carter, U. S. A., well known to his associates in the military establishment as an adviser of the Secretary of War at the time Mr. Root was serving the country in that capacity. Gen. Carter is commonly credited with having framed the bill and guided Congressional action in accomplishing the general staff of the War Department and establishing the system of detailing line officers to duty in the special staff corps. Gen. Carter is shortly to go on duty in the War Department as assistant to the chief of staff when Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood reports for duty in that office.

The usual duties of assistant to the chief of staff, whatever they may be in the advisory function to which the general staff is restricted, are to be extended and amplified in the case of Gen. Carter so as to employ his services in the promotion of legislation of benefit to the military establishment. That officer was quoted by the Manila Cable-news-American as saying just before leaving Manila for Washington:

"I am going to Washington to try and put through Congress several reforms on behalf of the army which the War Department is very anxious should be effected. Some little time ago the Secretary of War sent me a long telegram to that effect, and it will be my endeavor to show Congress in the clearest and most forcible manner the necessity of these measures. If I succeed in this work, I shall certainly feel very much gratified. I would have much preferred, however, to take command of the Philippine Division, which has been a desire of mine for some time, but the War Department had other work for me to do."

There are many projects of army legislation which have been submitted to Congress in a formal way, and they have been urged in eloquent and earnest fashion by such officers as Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, until lately chief of staff. Congress has refrained from legislative action, and it is presumably considered that something less formal and more personal is necessary in the way of bringing Congress to a realization of the necessity of remedial legislation. At the same time, the appearance at the Capitol of an army officer who is especially detailed to "put through Congress several reforms on behalf of the army" may have the effect of prejudicing the legislative body, which is singularly and almost unaccountably sensitive—at times—of the methods employed to induce Congressional action. If the House and Senate military committees, which introduce army legislation, cannot be brought to a proper appreciation of service legislation by the usual means, it is doubtful if greater conviction will be imparted by the efforts and arguments of a major general specially detailed for the purpose, although there can be no question if such a proceeding is adopted that the best qualified officer for the task would be Gen. Carter.

Soft Drinks.

With the coming of the good old summertime, the watchful Department of Agriculture promulgates a warning against the indiscriminate imbibing of seasonable "soft drinks," so called. It is well. The "soft drink," benignly concocted and respectfully fashioned, is all right. It has a fit and proper place in summer's scheme of things, and is worthy of a large measure of praise for the part it plays, of course. Like the sweet and enticing summer girl, the "soft drink" may be a joy forever.

Good Secretary Wilson keeps a watchful eye upon us—praise be to Allah and the guardian saints of summertime—and he admonishes us that all is not healthful and helpful that sparkles in the realm of drinkables. There are, says the Secretary, many beverages beautiful to behold but dangerous to swallow. Some of them are tainted with cocaine, many of them with caffeine and other deleterious drugs. Shun them, advises Mr. Wilson, righteously and at the psychological moment. Especially are the drinks strenuously and persuasively reputed to be annihilative of mental exhaustion and physical fatigue to be sidestepped. If we be wise enough to take good advice tendered us free of charge and disinterestedly.

Let no rash person suspect that this friendly warning comes from the Secretary of Agriculture in a paternalistic spirit, moreover. The evil effects of the cheaper and trashier sort of "soft drinks" are being specifically studied and considered by the life insurance companies. The habitual use of certain popular brands already is counted against an applicant for insurance in some companies—especially those nervous recommended for "brain fog," "nervous debility," "that tired feeling," and so on. A

need for liquids of that variety—and there are many—is finding it harder and harder every day to purchase life insurance. As between one of these gentlemen and one known to patronize regularly the "hokey pokey" ice cream man, the companies prefer neither!

If you must have your summer drinks of the "soft" kind—and there are dozens of that truly refreshing and quite innocent of harmful effects—purchase them of reputable and discriminating vendors, and then only those composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. No others really "hit the spot," anyway. Avoid "dope," or abandon rational hope!

Suppressing Immoral Plays.

The crusade against immoral and vicious theatrical performances has taken material shape. Mayor Gaynor, of New York, has closed one of the theaters of the metropolis for presenting an offensive play.

The Washington Herald commented upon this subject several weeks ago and suggested that it was up to the District authorities to take a firm stand against the presentation of plays of an indecent character, arguing that to close the theaters in which such shows were housed would not be too severe a punishment for those managers who so far forget their public responsibilities as to offer nastiness for sale at so much per ticket.

This action of Mayor Gaynor is a hopeful sign for those who look upon the stage as a prominent factor in the education, both literary and artistic, of the people.

Washington's authorities had a chance to take the lead in this thing—a couple of chances, in fact. Although nothing very radical was attempted in this city against the low exhibitions—except on the part of the public, which stayed away from them—it is perhaps consoling to reflect that the cold reception offered to these shows by the local press and public may have started the ball to rolling, and that Mayor Gaynor's good lead will be followed by official action in the other cities of the country where these unpalatable messes are presented.

Accuracy of Interviews.

Representative Tilson, of Connecticut, was much annoyed the other day over being misquoted in a press dispatch sent out from Washington regarding the political situation in Connecticut. There is a report that several members of Congress have decided hereafter to grant no newspaper interviews except over their own signatures, thus, as they believe, avoiding the danger of being misquoted or having the meaning of their remarks misconstrued.

All this would be very satisfactory if it were not for the fact that an interview in almost every case is of more value to the member of Congress than it is to the newspaper. Newspapers, as a rule, desire accuracy, and few of them knowingly misquote any one. It has often happened that a man in public life gave out an interview which in language and meaning was printed exactly as given, and yet the next day a formal denial would be made. Members of Congress are not infallible, and what they say in a rapid-fire conversation, or in the heat of argument, sometimes fails to bear inspection on close scrutiny.

Every member of Congress knows that the proofs of the Congressional Record are often revised, and that a statement made on the floor of the House or Senate is far from that which appears the next morning in the official publication. If members of Congress find it necessary to revise their speeches after they are in type, is it not a logical conclusion that they sometimes regret statements made for publication after they have more time to analyze the full import of their views?

A reporter who is not reliable is not wanted, and, in fact, his position is a short-lived one. The members of the press at the United States Capital are among the most painstaking men in their profession, and the great majority of Congressmen recognize this fact. Men in public life appreciate the conditions under which newspaper men are forced to work, and when an error does creep in, good-natured tolerance is best for all concerned.

Few public officials holding elective office can arbitrarily fix rules for the newspapers. Publicity, especially for righteous conduct, is a valuable asset, and criticism when merited is much better than silence. The newspapers act as go-betweens, enlightening both the man in public life and his constituent; each learns the views and opinions of the other through the medium of the daily press.

Interviews are a most convenient form of presenting your views before a large clientele. The interviewer usually makes the man say not what he actually says, but what he would say. More often an interview is tempered and toned than are the views exaggerated. The opinions of public men are put in more logical sequence and in a more attractive way oftentimes than when originally uttered. A good writer seeks to make his matter accurate and effective. To do this he may transpose sentences and phrases; but this is rarely done for the purpose of injuring or mutilating the thought. The great majority of Congressmen know and appreciate this. There is no objection to the signed interview. In fact, there is practically no newspaper in the country that would not prefer having the statement in typewritten form, with the signature at the bottom. Then there would be no danger of misquotation.

A lot of young men are making campaign promises nowadays for which the June bride contingent will be more than likely to call them to account later along.

Venus, it seems, really is getting the bulk of the applause from those who sit up to see the comet. Still, as Venus is a lady, the comet should not mind.

By the way, wonder what that man who named his baby Bryan Tat some two years ago thinks about it now?

formerly served under Mr. Spencer. This ought to make a few cheap-skate politicians recently engaged in abusing Mr. Spencer feel rather small.

A New York theatrical manager wishes to insure his star against marriage. Any insurance company would insure him against getting married and staying married, and at a very low premium, moreover.

The Englishman prides himself on his sense of fair play. And the evident disposition to give the new King a fair chance to make good is not, therefore, surprising.

A scientist says that six drinks of whisky produce as much physical and mental fatigue in a human being as one day's hard work. A man with six drinks of whisky in him often is capable of producing a large amount of fatigue in perfectly sober bystanders, too.

"A planola in the church steeple is the latest," says the St. Louis Republic. Well, if planola must be somewhere, why not in the church steeple?

Collier's Weekly now caps the climax by referring to Mr. Glavis as "the Dreyfus of American politics."

"Extravagance is one of the things that is going to tell against the Republican party in the elections this fall," says the Savannah News. Well, from the Democratic standpoint, that is extravagance worth while, is it not?

"A New York man says the moving-picture shows are responsible for the high cost of living," notes the Rochester Union and Advertiser. While, as a matter of fact, the high cost of living is largely responsible for the moving-picture shows.

The Houston Post invites "Uncle Joe" to come to that town and practice law. If he ever decides to retire from Congress, the Post has a keen eye for good ads.

An Atlanta policeman claims to have seen the comet five nights in succession. It would seem that the policeman doth protest too much.

Incidentally, the death of King Edward has served again to confirm the impression that no matter how worthy the English laureate may be as a man, Alfred Austin either cannot or will not write poetry.

Mr. Roosevelt's expenses in Europe are said to be \$50 per day. This, of course, makes it necessary for the colonel to write at least a quarter of a column of staff every day.

In a game of baseball out West recently, somebody yelled, "Shoot the umpire!" whereupon a man in the grand stand pulled a gun and shot him in the leg. It is wrong to take the kicker in the grand stand too seriously, of course.

"In the Japanese dockyard at Hagsaki is a crane 177 feet high," notes a Brooklyn contemporary. Ahem! Will the greatest living authority on nature faking kindly investigate that matter while he is abroad?

Doubtless, the redubs also are more or less put out about the backwardness of spring.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Our Heroes.

From the Detroit Free Press.
The Washington baseball team is now winning one game a series instead of one a week, as formerly.

Must Be a Reason.

From the Milwaukee Free Press.
With the Republican and Democratic parties pledged to platforms to the income tax, Republican and Democratic legislators continue to vote against it.

It Is to Laugh.

From the Atlanta Constitution.
There is a grim humor in asking the students to climb Mount McKinley in order to prove that they were telling the truth when they called Dr. Cook a liar.

Premature Surrender.

From the Springfield Republican.
The Taft policy of taking what you can get ought not to be prematurely announced. He should fight hard for more than he expects to obtain down to the last minute.

Wisdom by Experience.

From the Dallas News.
In time the free people of this country will learn that it will never do to give political charge of the government power to control the private affairs and business of the citizen.

A Saving and a Waste.

From the Houston Post.
Some idiot estimates that Gov. Hughes has saved \$1,000 in barber bills by not cutting his whiskers. Yes, and the newspapers now printing his pictures have probably had to pay four times that much for the extra ink required to make the whiskers show up.

On the Trail.

From London Sketch.
"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes, I know him."
"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."

Once Was Enough.

From the Boston Transcript.
Uncle Hiram (at the theater)—Well, Miranda, I guess we'll be goin' now.
Miranda—But there's another act.
Uncle Hiram—I know there be; but it says on the programme, Act IV, same as Act II, and I vum I don't keer to see it twice over.

THE LAUREATE'S ODE.

When Roosevelt reaches England, or, so rumors now forebode,
The Laureate will wait him there to spring a greeting ode.
He'll give a lyric welcome, and, although it's rather lame,
Sir Alfred, who's shrewd enough, will mean it just the same.

One may not guess the import of the coming, virtue
Of him, except it express a hope that Roosevelt "feels at home."
And Roosevelt, as he listens, will be forced to wear a smile,
And trust to luck 'twill be the mark to cover up his guile.

For though he has had trials, some of these the fiercest kind,
When in the peaceful future he shall call them all to mind,
Shall live again the moments when he donned the rampant gun,
When from the prowess of his aim the lion, wild-eyed, flew.

When, blown, following with fear, sank prostrate at his feet,
When antelope were grateful for that Nature made them meet,
When elephants and hippos faced his devastating gun,
When dromedars, kick diks, haribests, toppled over on their side.

When, from the poisoned swamps were borne
Along the breeze,
All these and many other things will memory's kodak hold
Of days he roved in jungle land, a hunter keen and bold.

But not a film in all the lot will picture trial worse
Than that when he was listening to Sir Alfred Austin's verse.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SAFE DEPOSIT.

Some find it nothing but strife;
Some find it more like a game.
Every man gets out of life
What he puts into the same.

Don't be a whiner, my boy;
Don't be a querulous crank.
Try to deposit some joy;
Then you can draw in the bank.

Why Not?

"Senator Wombat has just read 'Lucifer' for the first time. Says it is a magnificent poem."

"Enthusiastic about it, is he?"
"So much so that he wants to have it reprinted as a public document."

A Proposal.

"We used to be sweethearts when we were kids," said the man.
"We do," said the maid.

"Since then I have been divorced three times. And you?"

"Well, now that we happen to be unmarried simultaneously, suppose we hitch up?"

Bruises and Sprains.

"Cholly's club and Ferd's club got up teams and played a game of ball for the benefit of a hospital."

"Make any money for the hospital?"
"No; but they made considerable business for it."

Of Course.

The Band of hope,
Delightful thing,
Some say is an
Engagement ring.

His Greeting.

"Father," said the prodigal. "I have come back."

"Why didn't you come back before the census was taken and help swell the total for our town? A boy with as little civic pride as you display had better keep on steppin'."

Not All Levity.

"Do drummers really get business by telling funny stories?"

"Depends altogether upon the customer," replied the traveling salesman. "Sometimes I tell funny stories and sometimes I abuse the trusts."

The Trio.

Africa has sent us the tomtom and the didkid; but how about the harr-harry?

TIGERS TROUBLING KOREA.
Disarmament of Natives Leaves Villages Without Protection.

From the New York Sun.
The report recently came out of Korea that because of the general disarmament of the natives by the Japanese in their efforts to crush rebellion against Japanese rule there had been a dangerous increase in the number of tigers in the little settled districts. During the last winter, so one report had it, the tigers had become so bold as to invade the mountain villages in the north of Korea in broad daylight.

If the tiger is again becoming as dangerous in Korea as he was before the introduction of modern weapons, thirty years ago, the plight of the Koreans is serious. So common was this beast throughout the peninsula that until very recent years the inhabitants of Seoul, the capital itself, used occasionally to see a yellow flash in the gloom of the night streets and hear the scream of some victim. In the country districts the tiger has always been a constant dread, even though latterly foreigners from China and Japan had been dropping over to Korea for a tiger hunt in increasing numbers.

The Korean tiger is larger than the Bengal breed, wider of flank and broader of head. His markings are not vividly orange and black, as those of the Indian variety, but are dingier and of a lighter shade. Long white hair clothes his belly and drapes the inner sides of his forelegs. The fur is thicker, for the winters in Korea are often severe. The mountains are his habitat, and there he hides in jungles or heavy grass plains in Korea, the tiger makes his lair in the caves and among the rocks of the higher ridges.

The tiger has always been held in such awe and terror by the Koreans that he has come to have a mythical personality, and stands well at the head of all the gods of vengeance which make the life of the superstitious Korean one of perpetual endeavor in propitiation. In the old days, when the bow and spear were the only weapons of the Koreans, the man who brought down a tiger was honored by all his fellows. Until recent years, when modern rifles began to be introduced into the country, Korean hunters occasionally went after the fierce beasts with old flintlocks or hand cannon, which had to be supported on the shoulder of one man while another fired. The missile was almost as big as a clock-weight, and if it landed it was calculated to bring death to the tiger, but if a miss was scored death was easily the portion of the hunters. Those hand cannon could only be reloaded after about fifteen minutes' hard work.

With modern rifles the Koreans were able to do better, and until the Japanese began their systematic disarming of all the mountain people to prevent the spread of the disaffection against the rule of Japan the tiger was kept down fairly well. Even under those circumstances sporting Englishmen did not have to go more than a day's ride up the Han River from Seoul to get into the tiger country.

But now, according to the report from the harassed Land of the Morning Calm, the natives have no protection against their old enemy except traps and pitfalls. The tiger is as much a master as the Japanese.

The Pianoforte.

Little Elsie, whose mother was visiting her neighbor, was doing the five-finger exercises.

Thump! Rattle! Bang, bang! Rattle! Thump!

"Great heavens!" cried the neighbor, starting up. "What on earth is your daughter trying to play now?"

"It's an exercise," said little Elsie's mother, beaming with maternal pride, "from 'First Steps in Music.'"

"First Steps in Music!" repeated the harassed neighbor. "Well, dear, is there nothing she can play with her hands?"

Social Horticulture.

Cultivating friendship.
Weeding out acquaintances.

Sowing wild oats.
Raking the servants over the coals.

Looking after one's stocks.
Planting one's foot down on extravagance.

Harrowing people with one's ill temper.
Digging up the coals.



HIPPOTAMUS MEAT.

Secretary Wilson's Hints as to Curbing the Cost of Living.

Apparently, a popular prejudice in favor of roast beef and sugar-cured ham does not in the least discourage the Hon. James Wilson in his efforts to reorganize the meat diet of this country. The high cost of living has been the topic of much discussion that has ramified in many directions, but the Agricultural Department, always alert to protect and foster the American stomach, has set about solving the problem in its own way. By a primitive process of reasoning, the department suggests that if there are not enough cattle, hogs, and sheep to feed the multitude we should look to other animals to supplement our meat supply.

Why not eat hippopotamuses? asks Secretary Wilson. Here is the nucleus of an entirely new idea. We have no direct testimony from the secretary that hippopotamus steaks are as palatable as the meat of cattle. Still, that should make no real difference. Dr. Wiley, who stands guard over the American digestion and sees that only pure food is allowed to circulate among the States, has a way of sneaking down to an out-of-the-way Washington restaurant and eating the pieces of commerce and the dubious hash of trade. At first, the suggestion that he substitute hippopotamus steak for the old familiar kind will meet with chill and doubtful reception. The unwieldy monster of Africa, says the department, could be transported to our Southern rivers and propagated for food purposes. This may all be true, and yet there is something about a hippopotamus that does not suggest delicacy and flavor. He has not a great deal to him. Probably if we had never seen a hog until recently, our minds and stomachs would rebel at the thought of eating this ugly and filthy creature, too.

But Secretary Wilson does not stop at hippopotamuses. He intends to furnish a variety of substitutes for our familiar meat fare. From hippopotamus to muskrat is rather a far cry, but the odorous little rodent is officially dignified into a food animal. In a late bulletin, the Agricultural Department assures us that the muskrat is not only edible, but that among some people of refined taste it is esteemed a rare luxury. While one authority asserts that a muskrat's musky flavor would keep any but a starving man from eating it, another declares that "the muskrat is game worthy of an epicure, with a flavor somewhat like wild duck that has been shot in the same marshes where it has fed."

We make no issue with these official food authorities, yet we feel a little doubtful about the proposed changes in the American dietary programme. Perhaps the American people are too particular, but the prejudice in favor of our old-time barnyard friends is strong, and we predict that the audacious individual who goes in for hippopotamus farming with a view to supplementing our regular meat supply will have a hard time of it. As for muskrat—well, we prefer onions.

Prospector's Queer Find.
From the Adelaide Advertiser.
What is supposed to be an opalized snake has been discovered by a prospector at White Cliffs opal fields, South Australia, from whom it has been secured by an Adelaide resident named S. Saunders.

On what appeared to be a piece of ironstone, dark brown in color, and therefore making an excellent background to show off the precious stone, was embedded the form of a small snake or lizard of pure gold. The coiling body measured about two inches in length, and the head and eyes are to be plainly seen. Even the scales of the back can be discerned.

Before Mr. Saunders secured it, the specimen had been submitted for examination at the museum, and he was informed on making the purchase that it was a reptile of some kind ossified and then opalized.

Classified.
From the New York Tribune.
"That," said the distinguished author, pointing to a little red-headed impossibility, aged six, who was standing on his head in the middle of the drawing room during the musicale—"that is my second edition."

"Not an edition de looks, evidently," suggested the acrid maid to whom he had made the confession.

Nothing Serious.
From the Boston Transcript.
"Great guns! I've swallowed my collar button!" exclaimed the first actor, in his dressing room.

"Here, I'll lend you one of mine," answered the other, with exaggerated indifference.

It's a Queer World to Him.
From the New York Tribune.
A man who in 1858, at the age of twenty-four, had been sentenced to death for a murder, and whose friends at that time secured from the old emperor a commutation to life imprisonment at hard labor, was pardoned two weeks ago and returned to his former home in Berlin.

"What a strange being he is!" writes a charity worker who called on the old man. "Timid, wondering at all he sees, and slow to speak. In physical appearance the equal of any man fifty-eight years old and stouter than the average. What impressions the strange and new things which surround him have produced in the man no one can know, for he shows no emotion. Thirty-four years in prison have made him master of his emotions and have schooled him also in the high art of silence. 'I want work,' he says, 'as much as I can do, for the day, and my rest at night—that is all.' No family, no friends, no home, what else could he wish for?"

Richard S. Boettcher, of Milwaukee, Wis., who was seen at the Arlington, in discussing socialism, said that the socialist mayor of Milwaukee is "making good," and that if he continued as he had gone so far he would be re-elected to office for another term. "A good many people have an idea that what socialists want is to dump the wealth of the world into a big pile and make an equal division of it. A poor man admitted to one of the Rothschilds that he was a socialist. Rothschild took a thaler (2 cents) out of his pocket and handed it to the man, saying: 'There is your share of the wealth of the Rothschilds.' That was a great banker's idea of socialism."

"Socialists do not want all wealth seized by society and owned by its members in common or divided equally between them. What socialists do want is that all instruments of wealth should be taken over and owned and managed by the members of society collectively; that the wealth created by and with these instruments shall be apportioned in a more equitable manner than at present; and that, after it has been apportioned, the portion of wealth held off to each individual shall be his sole and absolute property. This is the essence of socialism. Regarding many other principles, socialists differ from each other. Regarding these principles, they are all in accord."

"The first thing to be remarked in elucidation of this definition of real socialism is that it involves democracy of the extreme type. Not only are all public utilities to be owned by the people in order that the people may do this it is essential that they should be entirely self-governing and sovereign. We find, therefore, that consistent socialists everywhere are opposed to every form of monarchy and to all restrictions on the suffrage of persons of legal age, whether men or women, rich or poor; and they generally favor the initiative and referendum as they exist in Switzerland."

Who Was Boss?
From the Tit-Bits.
Once on a time, runs a modern fable, a youth, about to embark on the sea of matrimony, went to his father and said:

"Father, who should be boss, I or my wife?"

The old man smiled and said:

"Here are one hundred hens and a team of horses. Hitch up the horses, put the hens into the wagon, and wherever you find a man and his wife dwelling stop and make inquiry as to who is the boss. Wherever you find a woman running things, leave a hen. If you come to a place where a man is in control, give him one of the horses."

After about ninety-nine hens had been disposed of, he came to a house and made the usual inquiry.

"I'm the boss of this farm," said the man.

So the wife was called, and she affirmed her husband's assertion.

"Take whichever horse you want," was the boy's reply.

So the husband replied, "I'll take the bay."

But the wife did not like the bay horse, and called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said:

"I believe I'll take the gray horse."

"Not much," said the young man. "You get a hen."

In Tennessee.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
"Pardon me, governor," began the interviewer. "I—"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the Tennessee executive, reaching for a blank. "What are you guilty of?"

AT THE HOTELS.

Secretary Wilson's Hints as to Curbing the Cost of Living.

Apparently, a popular prejudice in favor of roast beef and sugar-cured ham does not in the least discourage the Hon. James Wilson in his efforts to reorganize